

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead.
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old Pelion, or the skyesh head
Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is he whose grieve
Beares such an *Emphasis*, whose phrased of sorrow
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers? tis I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Diuell take thy soule,

Ham. Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenatiue rash, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom feare; hold off thy hand:

King. Plucke them a sunder.

Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.

All. Gentlemen.

Hor. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame

Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my sonne, what theame?

Ham. I lou'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers

Could not with all their quantity of loue

Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad Laertes.

Quee. For loue of God forbear him:

Ham. S' wounds shew me what th'out doe:

Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,

Woo't drinke vp Efill, cate a Crocodile

He doo't: doost come heere to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her graue,

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.

And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw

Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground

Indging his pate against the burning Zone

Prince of Denmarke.

Make Ossa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,
He rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doe
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you sir,

What is the reason that you vse me thus?

I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,

Let Hercules himselfe doe what he may

The Cat will mew, a dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet,*

King. I pray thee good Horatio waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech,

Weele put the matter to the present push:

Good Gertrard set some watch ouer your sonne,

This graue shall haue a liuing monument,

An houre of quiet thereby shall we see.

Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,

You doe remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting

That would not let me sleepe, me thought I lay

Worse then the mutines in the bilbo's, rashly,

And pray'd be rashnes for it: let vs know,

Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well

When our deepe plots doe fall, and that should learne vs

Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,

Rough hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,

My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke

Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,

Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew

To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

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